

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

Again We Welcome The Poets

Readers of the Column Are to Receive Information Regarding the Shortage in Blue, and List to the Plaintive Pipe of the Whippoorwill.

PERHAPS it was the desire to begin the week well; perhaps it was because they were touched by the recent pathetic plea of the Conductor for poetical contributions. Anyway, the poets are mailing another round.

We publish today two effusions. They were unaltered, so we may express ourselves freely concerning them. The first is in the nature of an epic. We are glad to know why blue is scarce today, but we never thought of blaming Prussianism for it.

The second is a sweetly bucolic. We rather like the idea of an apologetic whippoorwill, however.

Any other poets desiring everlasting fame will be gladly welcomed.

Prussian Blue.

A tale I'd tell of a soldier lad and his lady, far from true;

And it tried to point a moral, as all proper verse should do.

The scene was laid in Prussia, the time quite far away

(It wouldn't do to have the date too near the present day).

The youth's name was Adolphus, the maiden's was Hortense.

He rashly vowed he loved her in the very highest sense.

She was the village belle, of course, and he the village beau;

Some broken hearts developed when she ordered her trousseau.

The wedding day at last was set. Festivities waxed gay.

Then came a troop of soldiery from Russia 'cross the way.

Their captain was a dashing blade, so fierce, so proudly grand,

And he could conquer female hearts with one audacious hand.

Hortense became affected, while the captain, from the start,

Admitted that she was the maid who won his noble heart.

One night they fled together, with the wedding clothes, of course,

And before they reached the Russia—why, they nearly killed their horse.

And no one ever heard a word about Hortense's fate.

Though young Adolphus mourned her loss with vigor hard to state.

Through four long months he moped about in chronic fits of blues.

At last his skin began to turn. It even reached his shoes.

His hair, once frankly sandy, now became a navy shade.

His face looked like a chrome with no prospect of improvement.

Then the town wiseacres murmured: "Hum! We see a Prussian blue."

And that legend and that color lasted some many years through.

The Whippoorwill.

When sunset fades to solemn gray

And all the air is sweet with June,

I hide within a shady tree

And bethink try a little tune.

What matter though 'tis far from sweet?

I know my melody is shrill.

I try to be a singer, though

My only words are "Whippoorwill."

Perhaps sometime, if I but try

I'll really sing a "How well he sings!"

When all the world is sweet with June,

THE CONDUCTOR.

The William P. Frye.

I saw her first abreast the Boston Light

At anchor, she had just come in, turned

And sent her hawseers creaking, clattering

Downward, and lay

I was so near to where the hawse pipes fed

The cable out from her careening bow,

I moved up on the swell, stout beam,

And lay

Move to in my old launch to look at her.

She'd come in light, a-skimming up the bay

Like a white ghost, with topsails bellying

Full.

And all her noble lines from bow to stern

Made music in the mind; it seemed she rode

The morning air like those thin clouds that turn

Into tall ships when sunrise lifts the clouds

From calm sea courses.

There, in smoke-amidged coats,

Lay funneled liners, dirty fishing craft,

Blunt cargo luggers, tugs, and ferry boats.

Oh, it was good in that black-scuttled

gl.

To see the Frye come lording on her way

Like some old queen that we had half forgot

Come to her own. A little up the bay

The fort lay green, for it was spring-time

then.

The wind was fresh, rich with the spely bloom

Of the New England coast that tardily

Escapes, late April, from an icy tomb.

They caught her in a South Atlantic road

Beamed, and found her hold brimmed up with wheat;

"Wheat's a contraband," they said, and

blew her hull

To pieces, murdered one of our staunch ships

fleet.

Fast dwindling, of the big old sailing ships

That carried trade for us on the high sea,

And warped out of each harbor in the States.

It wasn't law, so it seems strange to me—

A big mistake. Her keel's struck bottom now.

And her four masts sunk fathoms, fathoms deep.

To Davy Jones. The dank seaweed will root

on her oiled decks, and the cross-surge sweep

Through the set sails, but never, never more

Her dewed will stand away to brace and trim

Nor sea-blown petrels meet her threatening up

to windward on the Gulf stream's stormy rim;

Never again she'll head a no-theast gale.

Or, like a spirit, loom up, sliding dumb.

And ride in safe beyond the Boston Light.

To make the harbor glad because she's come.

JEANNE ROBERT FOSTER.

Stories Of Stories

CHEATING THE GALLOWS.

By Israel Zangwill.

TOM PETER and Edward G. Rexford shared a suite of rooms in the (more or less) select London lodging house of Mrs. Beacon.

Peters was a frowsy Bohemian who picked up some sort of living by hack literature.

Rexford was a scrupulously neat and prosperous looking personage, and was manager of the City and Suburban Bank.

The two were scarce the sort who might have been expected to form a friendship for each other. But they seemed to get on very well together; perhaps because they were so seldom at home at the same time.

Their work hours were different. He was their hours for amusement. Rexford was expected to Clara Newell, an heiress. Peters was better contented to flirt with Polly, Mrs. Beacon's pretty chambermaid.

Tom and Miss Newell had never met, and the severely responsible Rexford was above flirting with chambermaids. One day Clara disappeared. So did all the City and Suburban Bank's available funds. During the search for the missing man Clara and Peters were thrown often into each other's society.

Peters at once fell in love with his lost-chum's sweetheart. But a time went on and Rexford did not reappear, and gradually began to return Tom's love.

At last they became engaged. The date for their wedding was set.

One night Clara dreamed a strange and weird dream. She dreamed that Edward Rexford appeared before her, his clothes dripping, and told her that Tom Peters had killed him.

She was the village belle, of course, and he the village beau; some broken hearts developed when she ordered her trousseau.

The wedding day at last was set. Festivities waxed gay. Then came a troop of soldiery from Russia 'cross the way.

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Ostrich Plumes Are to Regain Prestige as Valued Heirlooms

After Several Years of Social Disfavor, the Plume Industry Is to Flourish Once More—The More Advanced Milliners Have Said So.

As a Propitiatory Measure, Designed to Soothe the Wounded Feelings of the Bird, the Feathers Are to Remain Quite Uncurled.

AT last the ostrich is avenged. For three lean years he has sprouted his plumes in vain. No one thought enough of them to even give a friendly yank. He was considered a useless member of society, in fact.

Now he may withdraw his head from the sand pile where he buried his bitterness. Once more he is to become the darling of fashion.

The principal heirloom in many a family used to be a black silk dress and one plume, either white or black. During these three lonesome years the plume has lost its prestige in the probate court. Now it is to be restored to full favor.

Plumes Again in Style. To be brief, the ostrich plume is in style once more, not the paradoxical willow plume, heaven be praised, but the variety more nearly approximating the home grown product.

In order that the effect may be more strictly au naturel, the flues are not even curled. In fact, that is the cheering news that some of the more advanced milliners have whispered.

Of course, it is much simpler to uncurl an ostrich plume than to curl it. Perhaps the most effective way is to wait for a rainy day and wave it to and fro



Of White Straw and Uncurled Plumes.

in the dampness. The plume will then have a dejected appearance that defies the hand of the home milliner. In view of this discouraging possibility, it might be just as well to let well enough alone and take the ancestral plume to a plume specialist.

Very Thing for Trimming. When a midsummer hat is to be planned, the reconstructed plume is the very thing for

trimming. The girl in the picture evidently came of a very good family, indeed, for she had two to trim a simple shape of white straw with very little brim and a crown that served as a convenient prop for her feathers.

One formed a bulwark about the front of the hat and the other rose, cascade fashion, from the left side to droop slightly to the northeast.

What They Say About Us

Pertinent Interests of Women As Viewed By Editorial Writers of the Newspapers.

California Teaches Little Immigrants and Mothers.

Many States in the Union are interested in the step California has taken in the field of educating the women and little children immigrants who come here, so as to make their lot easier and to raise their standard of living. This work, while not very old—having been made possible by an act of the legislature of 1915—is being encouraged by the commission of immigration and housing.

A teacher to take up this line must be especially fitted. She must be in excellent health, alert both physically and mentally; should have had experience in social work; should

speak the language of the group she attempts to teach; should use judgment, patience and general ability in the delicate task of home teaching; need not be a nurse or a domestic science teacher, but should possess the ability to deal either one when needed in a family; should not be too sentimental; should not give more than the law allows; should be of good character and of good intentions.

The foreign women naturally are timid and difficult of approach, especially if they are poor. They do not understand the American ways, and thus are easily misunderstood and good intentions.

So this field is one in which great good can be done, and the State is doing a good work in taking it up. Results are being reported in the South, as well as the Bay region, among the Mexican women and others.

One of the things the workers are at is the teaching of the mother in the English language so that she can keep pace with her children in school and in their respect. The effort is to make the home influence among these foreign people as good as possible, and thus the State is benefited.—Sacramento, Cal., Bee.

Methodists For Woman Suffrage.

It is not a matter of surprise that the Methodist General Conference at Saratoga should vote for woman suffrage. A conference which has women among its delegates, representing a church in which women vote for church officers, could not logically take any other ground. The fact that only six votes were cast against the resolution shows how rapidly this movement is extending among people conservative in regard to most matters.

When Frances E. Willard committed the Woman's Christian Temperance Union to woman suffrage she accomplished a revolution. Many of the members of her organization had never taken part in any more public assembly than a church prayer meeting, and it had a considerable membership in the South, where the opposition to suffrage was and still is strong. Since that day the accretions of church and society have been the normal result of the more active life of women and of the great increase of women in industry, where they compete with men on even terms in everything except the right to vote.

The minority of six in the Saratoga Conference shows that in one of the great religious denominations the opposition has become merely a shell.—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

Newark's Experience With All-Year Schools.

There has long been growing belief among Americans that the closure of our public schools during July and August, generally also through nearly half of June and of September, is an unjustifiable waste. It is felt that the monetary loss through having expensive plants idle so long imposes a needless burden on the taxpayers. It is realized that moral hurt to the children ensues, and the society suffers.

Teachers and pupils of course must have vacations. These are essential to their welfare and to the

best interests of education. They cannot and should not be harnessed to work all the year round.

Newark, N. J., according to the National Bureau of Education, finds that all-year schools save time, reduce loafing on the streets and conserve health. The pupils of these schools express themselves enthusiastically in favor of the experiment. They declare that the schools are cooler than their homes and the streets. They were glad to have something to do. They gained a grade or two against the time when they should be old enough for the State to let them earn their living.

Parents endorse the system for similar reasons, chief among which is the greater safety of the children.

In September, when the schools' new year opens, less review is needed from children who have had two weeks of vacation than from those who have had two months. The municipal medical inspectors report that the health of children attending school all year is not at all impaired. Children out of school through July and August come back in September in poorer physical condition than those who stayed in school. Two important facts, however, are ignored in the short report that the Spokesman-Review has received. They are how the teachers are supplied and what extra expense all-year schools impose upon the Newark taxpayers.

Spokane, Wash., Spokesman-Review.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By HELEN ROWLAND.

LEE, oh, ye bachelors, while the fleeting is yet good!

For it is easy to be wise in January; but who shall say WHAT folly he may commit in the marrying month of June?

Verily, as thou lovest thine own latch-key, thy club and thy cellarette, I charge thee, when thou art married, to be a damsel's smiles are sweeter than honey, and her moods are milder than May wine.

When she saith, "Let us always be FRIENDS! For unto me, one good friend exceedeth an hundred devoted admirers."

When she exclaimeth sweetly: "How MENTALLY congenial are we! For I, too, loathe cabarets and mush-rooms, and prefer my tea without sugar!"

When she saith: "Behold, I have put on the frock which THOU admirest; and the hat which thou approvest I wear always!"

When she chideeth thee concerning

Seen in the Markets

BLACKBERRIES are going down with a decided thump. Only a few days ago they brought 30 cents a quart. Now 15 cents is considered quite a high price. There are even some enterprising dealers who have put them near the strawberries, at 11 cents a box.

It would be an unusual buyer who would not be tempted to invest largely in strawberries this week, for they could scarcely be better. An exceptional grade of berry, almost too good to use for jam but ideal for preserving, sells for 10 cents a box. These berries are large, firm, and clean. The experienced maker of preserves knows that frequent washing not only softens fruit but flattens the flavor. So this last item is of no small importance when buying in quantity. It is scarcely remembered that a box is a retail price, and if a half dozen or more boxes are desired it is possible to buy much cheaper.

Large bunches of beets are 3 cents, two for 15. These are of medium size, and not too fibrous to be insipid.

White radishes are extremely cheap—three bunches for 5 cents. These are, generally speaking, more peppery than the red variety.

Large Bermuda onions are 10 cents a box. These boxes hold five or six.

Red bell peppers are 10 cents a box. These boxes hold about the same number.

Small boxes of tomatoes are 10 cents. These are small, but are generally worth the trouble of peeling, though the flavor is excellent.

Telephone peas remain at the price that has held for the past few days—15 cents a quarter of a peck.

Though more new potatoes are coming in all the time, there is little increase in size. Many are scarcely larger than marbles. From 2 to 15 cents a quarter of a peck is the average price.

A new lot of extra large California cherries has been received. Both white and purple varieties are in the market, selling for 40 cents a pound. The white are of better flavor and seem more meaty.

Question Box

Question box: How may ink be removed from the skin? H. W. R.

PUMICE STONE is perhaps the most effective ink remover. Lemon juice is also widely favored as a skin bleach.

The Nature Lover.

I love the grass that in the spring grows tall and thick as anything. Some silly people call it "rough." Because they do not know enough. And such a fellow is the dub. Who beats it with an iron club. But at it to me it is dear. I would have nothing interfere. To check the lush grass in its growth. And that explains my purple oath. To find my noisy golf-ball there. Just makes me snort and dance and swear.

I love the fine and yielding sand That makes the ocean's level strand. It brings me memories of the joy I knew when I was but a boy. Some men there who do not care For sandy bunkers anywhere, But at it to me it is dear. I would have nothing interfere.

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I love the little purring brook That winds through many a ferny nook. It brings me memories of the gold. As Tennyson, so sweetly told. But some who can't a brook abide Declare it far too deep or wide. But ah! it is so dear to me. I do not ever care to see Among its rippling things that seem Far from becoming in a stream.

To find my noisy golf-ball there. Just makes me snort and dance and swear. —Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

It is no man's business if he has genius or not. Work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and enforced results of such work will always be the thing that God meant him to do, and will be his best. If he be a great man, they will be great things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right.—Ruskin.

Mosquito Is Only Danger In Night Air

By DR. L. K. HIRSHBERG.

YOUVE often heard maiden aunts —Billy Sunday speaks of them as "ladies-in-waiting"—call to their nieces, who are dressing for a dance: "Mary and Frances, you must bundle up. Don't wear your low-neck dresses in this dangerous night air; and see that you wear your high shoes. Do you want